

## SUBURBIA

What are we going to do about the diamond ring  
What are we going to do about the gravel  
That was going to have been shipped to Suburbia  
What are we going to do about reaching for the acorns  
What are we going to do about the light of day  
What are we going to do about the Indians  
What are we going to do about the gloaming hours  
What are we going to do about the Wilderness  
What are we going to do about climbing out to the darkness  
What are we going to do about climbing out of the pit  
of despair

## RIDE

for this has been our last bequest  
how little do you know of our old fashioned silver spoons  
how little do you know of the snowflake in the jar  
how little do you know of the ride in the valley  
how little do you know of the thread that rides  
through and through our old fashioned silver spoons  
how little do you know of our painstaking over the years  
how little do you know of the donkey on the end of a spoon  
happily, how little do you know of preserving our sedge  
we are only bled and gone

## SKYWASH

What do you know of our pale blue overalls  
What do you know of our pale blue anarchist flags  
What do you know of a lonesome bundle of clothes  
What do you know of handling our clothes over again  
What do you know of a blue horse  
What do you know of a horse and harness ahead of ourselves  
What do you know of some skywash that is free for all

## BREAD AND BUTTER

for I always preferred the kinds of claws  
that found nothing in the Wilderness  
that crawled further over the pavements  
that were less fearsome of the light of day  
they thought less of bread and butter over their paws  
they wandered further from the hovels of all the rest

-- Alfred Starr Hamilton

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